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LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH'S
Elocutionary Selections



209 NOBLE STREET
SWISS ALLEY ST. B.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Lettie Austin Smith's Elocutionary Selections



FIRST EDITION

1924



LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH
2014 Noble Street
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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

INTRODUCTION



IN presenting this book to the public it has been my object to give to teachers and pupils a book of selections suitable for primary and advanced study in the Art of Expression.

Every selection is suitable for program work. The majority I have taken from my own repertoire. Many of which are valuable elocutionary studies.

It has been my experience to have to buy a great number of books in order to get study material—as so many books contain only one or two desirable numbers.

Whatever may be the occasion or whatever the age of the pupil a suitable selection may be found herein.

TWENTY-TWO of these selections are new and are published for the first time in this book.

Acknowledgment and Thanks are proffered Dr. Byron W. King, president of King's School of Oratory, for his co-operation, also the several publishing companies and individuals who have granted permission for use of copyright material used in this book.

Respectfully,

Lettie Austin Smith

WHEN PA BEGINS TO SNORE

My pa's got sumpin' in his nose that's fastened
there to stay,
That all the neighbors wishes he would lose or
give away;
Some sort o' bellerin' affair, like bulls has in
their throats,
Or like a big bass horn, except it never plays no
notes
Ma says it's sleepin' on his back; he says it is
Kataar,
But you can bet your bloomin' life whatever it
may are
It's there for doin' bizness an' it does it too, for
sure,
As all the neighborhood can tell when pa begins
ter snore.

Ma says if she'd ever knowed that he was sich a
fright
A tryin' to scare the livin' out and rise the dead
at night,
She'd never have consented fur to be his lovin'
wife,
An' share his joys an' sorrows an' lead a sleepless
life.
It's hard on me the same as her, fur when I get
ter sleep,
An' dreamin' I'm a hunter bold out in the forest
deep,
I feel my hair a-risin' up to hear a lion roar,
An' then wake up in a fright to hear pa begin
to snore.

Ma says that some day when we get to Heaven
afterwhile,
When every prospect pleases and only man is vile,
If people there is just the same as people here
below
She can't imagine how she's ever goin' to bear
her load of woe.

She thinks that at the usual time up there among-
 st the blest
 The angels 'll be broken of their sweet selesbul
 rest,
 An' tumble round a while an' then get up and
 walk the floor,
 An' wish he'd never been redeemed when pa be-
 gins to snore.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS
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THE QUARREL

Now, Willie Johnson, yesterday,
 He make a face at me an' say
 He's glad he ain't a little girl,
 'Cause he don't have no hair to curl,
 An' his face don't have to be clean,
 An' so I tell him 'at he's mean,
 An' I make faces at him, too,
 An' stick my tongue out! Yes, I do.

Nen me and Willie Johnson fight,
 I know 'at girls should be polite
 An' never get in fights, but he
 Got in the fight: It wasn't me.
 An' so I tore off Willie's hat,
 An' gave him just a little pat
 Up 'side his face an' he just cry
 An' run home like he's 'fraid he'll die.

So pretty soon his mamma, she
 Comed to our house—an' looked at me!-
 Nen goed right in where mamma is
 She tooked 'at tore up hat o' his
 An' Missus Johnson she just told
 My mamma lots o' things, an' scold
 About me, too, 'cause I'm outside
 An' hear—the door is open wide.

Nen Willie comed out wif his pup,
 An' say "Hullo" So we maked up,
 Nen get to playin' an'mal show—
 His pup is a wild li'n, an' so,

W'y he's a train' it, an' I'm
Th' aujence mos' near all th' time.

An' nen our mamma's bofe comed out;
His mamma she still scold about
Me slappin' him—an' they bofe say,
"Hereafter keep your child away!"

An'nen they see us playin' there,
An' they bofe say "Well, I declare!"

SEVEN YEARS OLD TODAY

I'm seven years old this morning Mother
I must wash me right away:
I never was near as old before
As I'm going to be today.

I can cook your breakfast now, I think
If daddy'd let me try,
I know I could say the blessing
To the Father up in the sky.

You needn't bring warm water
I can wash just as well in cold,
Of course I had to have it when I was
Six, but now I'm seven years old.

This dress has got to be fixed someway
It chokes me round the waist,
And my shoes pinch worse than they use to
I guess I won't have them laced.

Where do our birthdays come from
And where do they go to, say?
Where is the 6 that I use to be
And the 7 I am today?

Does God keep them all for the children
And send them down from the sky?
And when the birthdays are all used up
Is that what makes us die?

And what will you and daddy think?

Don't you guess you'll sometimes say
How I wish the child was back again
Just 7 years old today.

WILLIE'S PRAYER

Oh Lord, I need you awful bad,
I don't know what to do.
My papa's cross, my mamma's sick
I haint got no friend but you.

Them careless angels went an' brung
Stid of the boy I ast
A ween-chy, teen-chy baby girl
I don't see how they dast.

And, say, I wish you'd take her back
She's just as good as new
Won't nobody know she's second hand
'Ceptin me an' you.

An' pick a boy this time yourself
The nicest in the fold
But please don't choose him quite so young
I'd like him five years old.

Used with permission of
MRS. E. L. ASHFORD

MY LITTLE BROTHER

My little brother
Disobeyed his mother,
And went out in the rain to play:
He got his clothes all wet,
And a scolding, too, you bet.
Then in the house was sent to stay.

He started in to pout,
And tried to sneak out,
When mother went up stairs to sew.

She soon stopped sewing
 When she heard him going,
 And brought him back fast as he could go.

Then he started to cry
 For a piece of apple pie,
 And said he never gets enough to eat:
 So mother to him said,
 "Now you go straight to bed"
 Soon as you wash your hands and feet.

Then he started up the stairs
 And never said his prayers,
 But tumbled right into bed
 And like all naughty boys
 He thought he heard a noise
 And got scared and covered up his head.

Then in the dark
 He heard a dog bark
 And saw an Indian chasing his dad,
 And such awful, awful things
 That the Bogy-man brings,
 Whenever little boys are bad.

So he jumped out of bed
 And down the stairs he fled:
 And told mother he'd be good
 He has learned it will pay
 Each and every day
 To obey mother as he should.

HARRY E. GWYNNE

GRANDPA'S SPECTACLES

O Mamma, What will grandpa do,
 He's gone away to Heaven
 Without his silver spectacles
 That Uncle John had given?
 How can he read the papers there
 Or find his hickory staff?

He'll put his coat on wrong side out,
And make the people laugh

And when he takes his Bible down
And wipes it's dusty lid,
He'll never find his spectacles
Within it's cover hid:
There won't be any little girl there
He likes as well as me,
To run and hunt them up for him
And put them on his knee.

Oh Dear, He'll never find the place
About the "wicked flea,"
And how "the bears eat children up"—
(That use to frighten me)
So Mamma, if you'll dress me up,
Just like an angel bright,
I'll put our ladder against the sky
And take them up tonight.

WHO BEGAN THE QUARREL

Brother:—Come on, sister, lets be good friends:
It's so much nicer than quarreling and being hateful to each other.

Sister:—All right. I don't think it's a bit nice to quarrel and fight, and mamma says it's so naughty.

Brother:—And our Sunday School teacher says it is dreadful wicked.

Sister:—Wouldn't it be nice if we were never, never to quarrel any more? Wouldn't mamma be glad?

Brother:—All right, I'll agree to it if you will and we'll always play so nice together.

Sister:—I'm sure I don't like to quarrel and we would never quarrel if I had to be the one to begin it.

Brother:—Why Jean, You are usually the one who does begin it.

Sister:—I am not! You know you always get mad at every little thing.

Brother:—I don't get mad unless you do something mean, and you're always losing my balls or breaking my kite strings or doing something or other.

Sister:—Oh, I'm not half so mean to you as you are to me, just yestreday you were so hateful: You pulled my hair and you punched my best Angelina dolly's eyes out, so you did.

Brother:—Oh, your old dolls eyes were loose anyway and they just fell out.

Sister:—They were not. You punched them out and you know you did. And then you laughed about it, and you told Johnny Wilson about it and he laughed too. You told a story about it when you said they fell out just so mamma would not lick you.

Brother:—Oh, I did not—

Sister:—You did so—

Brother:—I did not and don't you say I did any more or I'll slap you.

Sister:—If you slap me I'll tell mamma.

Brother:—You're a tattle-tale anyway. You always run and tell mamma every little thing: anyway I didn't punch the doll's eyes out.

Sister:—Yes you did. You did . YOU DID . DID DID DID DID.

(Brother slaps her) (Jean cries) I don't like you any more, and I'm never going to play with you again as long as I live. (Kicks him).

(Brother Cries) and I don't like you and I'm never going to speak to you again: and I didn't punch your old dolls eyes out either (Children fight, slap, pull hair and kick). Brother exits crying.

Sister:—Well, I never meant to quarrel with brother again. I wonder which one of us did begin it anyway.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

THE NEWSBOY'S PHILOSOPHY

Want an evening paper, Mister?
Gist got three more t' sell.
Pap he's cuttin' up capers
An' mom's not very well,
An' I want t' sell these papers
To buy a couple loaves o' bread,
Fer Bob an' Nan'll be so hungry
Fer a piece a'fore they go to bed.

I've gist got seven cents, Mister,
An' if I sell these three I'll have ten
Then I can buy two loaves of bread
An' make mom an' the kids happy again.
Pap was workin' in the foundry
An' you see on last pay day,
He stopped in at Ryan's bar room
Soon as ever he got his pay.

An' so Bill Smith and Sandy Williams
An' a lot more fellers my pap knowed
Was in there drinkin' and crousin' around
An' all hed on a pretty good load
Of course pap he joined in among them
A smokin' an' a talkin' an' a drinkin' booze
An' spendin' the money that we needed
Fer rent an' groceries an' shoes.

Ryan telled 'em that they were welcome
To enjoy theirselves an' hev some fun,
Then he sends 'em all home tipsy
Soon as all their money's done.
Mister, when I git to thinkin',
It seems a funny thing to me

Thieves an' burglars git put in prison
An' these here salon keepers git goin' free.

HARRY E. GWYNNE

EVERYBODY PICKS ON ME

When I was born, my dear papa
Looked at me and said "O Pshaw!"
The nurse said, "It's a girl, just think"
Then pa went out and got a drink.

Then ma said I looked just like pa,
And Pa said I took after ma,
Aunt Jane said I looked like a quince
And I've been a step child ever since.

My ma put me to bed and said
The Angels watched me in the bed,
They wouldn't let things frighten me
Then the Angels started biting me.

When my ma sends me to the store
I lose the change then she gets sore
I lost my cat and by Bow-wow,
I think I'm losing something now.

One morning just at four o'clock
Somebody tried to pick our lock
I knew 'twas pa as sure as sin
So I got up and let him in.

My ma said, "What time is it pa?"
Just twelve o'clock my pa told ma.
Just then the cuckoo cuckcooed four
And pa made me cuckoo eight times more.

NOTE:—Music for this poem can be purchased from your music dealer or direct from the Harry Von Tilzer, Music Publishing Co., 719 Seventh Avenue, New York City, at 30 cents per copy.

BEFORE I GO TO BED

Each evening as the clock strikes seven directly
after tea,
My mamma gets me dressed for bed, an' then
she cuddles me.
Sits down on her own rocking-chair an' takes
me on her knee.
She tells me, then such lovely tales, how all the
stars and flowers
An' clouds are splendid castles grand with shin-
ning rainbow towers.
I fink that I would like to stay an' listen there
for hours.
An' 'fore she kisses me "good night," she softly
strokes my hair,
While I kneel down beside her knee an' say my
evening prayer.
An' when she tucks me safe in bed, she says I'm
in God's care.
So, I'm not frightened of the dark, 'cause mamma
says it's clear
That children who have trust in God, need never
have a fear;
For angels watch them as they sleep, an' God is
always near.

—Selected.

THE SANDMAN'S VISIT

Mamma told me about the Sandman
How he puts little folks to sleep
Shuts their eyes so very tight
And does not let them peep.

She says he comes round every night
But he seldom shows his face.
He makes their dreams so pleasant
Then goes and leaves no trace.

Mamma said one evening
That an errand must be done,
And she'd have to leave me all alone
I must not be afraid while she is gone.

So she kissed me and went away
And left the light burning bright
I heard the crickets a-chirping
And I wasn't afraid a night.

But all at once I heard a noise
A step upon the floor,
A man with his cap pulled over his face
Peeped in at the door.

"Are you the Sandman?" I said to him
And then he raised his head
And looked at me so funny
"Won't you come in? I said.

Mamma said maybe the Sandman would come
If very still I would keep
"But why did you come so early?"
I don't feel a bit like going to sleep.

Say, I'm awful hungry, little girl
It takes money to buy things to eat,
I guess I'm the Sandman you're looking for
Can't you give me a treat?

O we've got money right here in the drawer
Mamma saved to pay our rent.
But if you are needy I'll give it to you
Yes, every cent.

Aren't you afraid staying here alone?
A little girl like you
What if a thief should come along
And steal away you too?

I am never afraid to stay alone
And now that you are here,
A good kind man like you are
Indeed I have no fear.

Just take the money along with you
For you need it more than we
And may God bless you, good Sandman
And bring you back to me.

He took the money I gave him,
And bowed his head in grief
And muttered while he was leaving
"God, I wish I weren't a thief.

When my mamma she came home
And I told her about the man
She screamed "It was a burglar"
Then to the drawer she ran.

My mamma really thinks it was a burglar
How perfectly absurd.
I know it was the Sandman
Cause he told me himself every word.

Hark! I hear a knock upon the door
I'll open it fast as I can.
Here is a letter adressed to me
(Opens letter containing money, reads)
Signed, . Your Reformed Sandman.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

THE SECRET

Hark! I will tell you a secret
About something up in a tree
Away up high in the branches
Hidden from you and me.

They are in a soft little nest.
There are one, two, and three,
They are pretty bright blue in color
And round as they can be.

And if no one molests them
Away up there in the tree,

There will be three little song birds
Singing for you and me.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen had some kernels of corn
She wanted to plant in a row.
She asked Mr. Piggy, Miss Goose & Miss Duck
To help, but they answered, "Oh No!"
"Not I," said the Goose, and "Not I," said the
Duck,
While Piggy just ran off and hid.
"All right," said the hen, "If you won't, why
you won't.
I can plant it myself," And she did.
When the corn was all ripe, Who will take it
to-day"
Said the little red hen, "to the mill?"
Won't some one offer to carry the bag?
I shall be much obliged if you will."
"Not I," said the Goose, "Nor I," said the Duck,
While Piggy just ran off and hid.
"All right," said the hen, "if you won't, why
you won't,
"I will take it myself," And she did.
When she brought home the meal, said the little
red hen,
"Won't some one help make the bread?"
But nobody offered to help her a bit,
And this is what each of them said;
"Not I," said the Goose, & "Not I," said the
Duck,
While Piggy just ran off and hid.
"All right," said the Hen, "if you won't why
you won't,
I will bake it myself." And she did.
The little red hen baked the loaf all herself.
At last it was ready to eat.
The others looked on as she buttered a slice,

And crowded around at her feet.
"I'll help you eat it" said Goosie and Duck;
"And I," said Piggy with a grunt.
"O thank you so much," said the little red hen,
"But I have an idea that you won't."
—And they didn't.

OLD DOG JACK

Ever see our old dog Jack?
He's got the biggest broadest back
An' big soft ears like an old gum shoe,
An' a great long tail that turns up too,
An' them strong legs—Gee! he can run,
We sure, do have the lots of fun
My brother Joe and sister May
When we take old Jack out to play.
He barks an' grabs us by the clothes,
An' leans way back on his toes
An' shakes his head an' holds on tight
An' lets on he's a goin' to bite
An' then of course you know he don't
An' we're not scared, we know he won't
He chases all the cats he sees
An' makes them climb up poles an' trees
If any tramp comes near the place
Old Jack sure gives him a chase.
The other day it looked so queer
He grabbed a pig right by the ear
Round and round they reeled and reeled
An' that old pig it squealed and squealed
Then I got scared an' called for Joe
An' he had to make old Jack let go.
I don't think that dog's afraid
Of any animal that's made:
An' I bet you without half tryin'
He could lick a bear or kill a lion
An' say, old Jack he sure knows how
To help Joe go an' fetch the cow:
For him it just seems lots of fun
To bark an' make the old cow run

Our old dog can sure do tricks
 He jumps thro' hoops an' carries sticks
 An' stands upon his two hind legs
 An' for a bone just begs and begs.
 Gee! that old dog he is so wise
 He can do most anything he tries
 We raised him from a little pup
 We won't never give him up
 We'll keep him after he gets old
 For old Jack's worth his weight in gold.

HARRY E. GWYNNE

THE SPARROW

Mrs. Wren built a nest one day,
 And a sparrow came and tore it away.

She built another with right good will
 Closer to my window sill.

There 'twas as snug as snug could be
 'Neath the leafy boughs of the old peach tree.

But the sparrow, the meanest bird in town,
 Came again with intentions of tearing it down.

Mrs. Wren fought with might and main,
 But soon her strength began to wane.

A call, shrill and clear, she sent to her mate,
 To hurry home before too late.

Mr. Wren out searching for food
 Far away beyond the wood,

Heard her call and swift as an arrow
 Flew away home to fight the sparrow.

The sparrow was getting the best of the fight
 When Mrs. Wren flew with all her might

Far away to a neighboring tree
 And called her friend Miss Chick-a-dee.

Then the three birds fought hard and fast
Until the sparrow gave up at last

They pecked and beat him again and again
Till his feathers fell to the ground like rain.

Sick and sore and unable to fly
He hopped away to his home to die.

And when the news spread that sparrow had died
Not a single bird in the orchard cried.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

THE CAT'S BATH

As pussy sat washing her face by the gate
A nice little dog came to have a good chat!
And after some talk about matters of state
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude
I am curious I know, and that you may say
Perhaps you'll be angry—but no, you're too good
Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?

Now I, every day, rush away to the lake
And in the clear water I dive and I swim,
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake
And am fresh as a rose and as neat as a pin
But you, any day, in the sun may be seen
Just rubbing yourself with your red little tongue
I admire the grace with which it is done—
But really now, are you sure you get yourself clean.

The cat, who sat swelling with rage and surprise
At this could no longer her fury contain
For she had always supposed herself rather precise
And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat vain
So she flew at poor doggie and boxed both his ears,
Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his
face,

And sent him off yelping; from which it appears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with
disgrace.

A CHILD SPEAKS

I think grown-ups are awful mean, dont you?
 They know so many things I wish I knew!
 But when I ask 'em they just laugh and say:
 "Such questions child, Now run away and play.

I only ask 'em why the sky is blue,
 And why the grass is green, and if it's true
 The little clouds up there, all soft and pink—
 Are angels, dressed for parties, as I think.

And just how many stars are in the skies.
 And if they really are God's fireflies,
 Or are they little peepholes in the blue
 To let God and the angels all look through?

And I'm so int'rested in pollywogs
 How is it that they ever turn to frogs?
 And does a worm just hate to be a worm—
 Is that what makes them always twist and
 squirm?"

And why is it that fishes don't catch cold?
 And what is it that makes gold fishes gold?
 And where do dreams come from? I'd love to
 know,
 And when I wake up where is it that they go?
 And lots of other things—I can't think now—
 Just what—that makes me wonder why and
 how
 But when I ask the grown-ups they say W-e-l-l,
 I can't just say dear" and they never tell.

ROSELLA MERCIER MONTGOMERY
In the New York Times

ELISIE'S THANKSGIVING

Dolly, It's almost Thanksgiving,
 Do you know what I mean my dear?
 Oh well, I couldn't expect it,

You haven't been with us a year.
And you came with my Auntie from Paris,
Far over the wide blue sea,
And you'll keep your first Thanksgiving
My beautiful doll, with me.

I'll tell you about it my darling,
For grandma explained it all.
So that I understand why Thanksgiving
Comes so late in the fall.
When the nuts and apples are gathered,
And the work in the field is done,
And the fields all reaped and silent
Are asleep in the autumn sun.

It is then that we praise our Father
Who sends the rain and the dew.
Whose wonderful loving kindness
Is every morning new.
Unless we'd be heathen Dolly,
Or worse, we must sing and play,
And think about good things Dolly,
When we keep Thanksgiving Day.

Now, let me whisper a secret:
I've had a trouble to bear
It has made me feel quite old, dear,
And perfectly crushed with care.
'Twas about my prettiest kitten
The white one with spots of black
I loved her devotedly, Dolly,
I've been awfully angry with Jack.

So mad that I couldn't forgive him;
And I wouldn't kiss him good-night,
For he lost my kitten on purpose,
Shut up in a bag so tight.
He carried her miles and miles, dear,
And dropped her down in the dark,
I wouldn't wonder a bit, dear,
If he took her to Central Park.

And then he came home to supper,
As proud as a boy could be,

I wonder, dolly, this minute,
 How he dared to be looking at me.
 When I called my kitty and called her,
 And of course she didn't come,
 And Jack pored over his Latin
 As if he were deaf and dumb.

When I found out what he had done, dear,
 It was just like lead in my heart,
 Though mamma is as kind as an angel,
 I knew she would take his part:
 Suppose kitty did chase the chickens?—
 They might have kept out of the way.
 I've been so sorrowful, Dolly,
 I've dreaded Thanksgiving Day.

For I'll never pretend to be good dear,
 When I feel all wrong in my mind;
 And as for giving up kitty,
 I'm not in the least resigned.
 And I've known with deep grief, Dolly,
 Known it a long time back—
 That I couldn't keep Thanksgiving
 While I hated my brother Jack.

For you cannot love God and praise him
 When you're cherishing anger this way,
 I've tried so hard to conquer it, Dolly,
 I gave Jack two pears to-day.
 I've mended his mittens for him,
 Why, Who is this creeping in?
 Why, it's surely my own white kitten,
 So tired and grimed and thin.

And now we will keep Thanksgiving
 Dolly and kitty and I:
 I'll go to church in the morning
 I'm so glad I'm 'fraid I'll cry.
 Oh Kitty! my lost, lost treasure,
 You have found your own way back,
 And I'll forget my troubles,
 And be friends again with Jack.

—Selected.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TROUBLES

I wish I could die, so I do. I can't play like other little girls. I have to care for babies from morning till night. When I get to Heaven I never want to see a baby. I don't! I don't!

When my sister Nellie comes home, she says she is coming to help Ma with the work. But she just sits down and makes me take care of her babies. (cries)

Ma thot Nellie was doing something wonderful when she married Jim, for he was a "College Professor." Ma always said, "Nellie must marry a college man for they are so cultured and have such good manners.

Guess Jim didn't have any better manners than other folks, if he did, he forgot to bring them with him the first time he came to see Nellie.

Ma and Nellie cleaned house for three weeks before he came, Ma said, "We must have everything nice when Nellie's beau comes for he is a "College Man." They tore up the whole house from the cellar to the attic, even Pa's reading room, that made Pa mad, he said, "Ma never made such a fuss when he went to see her, and she sure didn't hurt herself keeping things clean after he married her. Nellie said we must have a set of new parlor furniture. Ma said, "Pa get it." "Gee" he was mad, he scolded about that too, but Ma made him get it. Then Nellie said, "we must have two new table cloths and new silver spoons and ice cream forks, for Jim has been used to Society and we must have everything just right when he comes."

When Jim came everything was clean as a new pin. I sat beside him. I watched him eat and I couldn't see any of his "good manners" and he didn't know how to use the ice-cream forks. He got so nervous trying to use his he upset his coffee, It went all over Ma's new table cloth.

Ma said, "Oh that is all right and took a new

dish towel and wiped it up. If I had upset the coffee they would have sent me away from the table and said, "I disgraced Nellie's College beau."

After dinner Jim and Nellie were sitting in the swing. I heard Jim excuse himself. He said he never saw ice-cream forks before. That tickled me for Ma and Nellie paid \$5.00 for them and he couldn't use them.

Jim came to see Nellie, one, two, three—I remember three times he came before they were married. After they were married they went abroad. Then I had peace and happiness—but the next year when they returned my troubles were increased for instead of having to be nice to Nellie's beau—I have Jimmie Jr. to care for, and now Nellie stays at home all the time and I never get to play for I have to take care of the baby the whole time. (cries)

Just as soon as Jimmie Jr. could walk. Then Johnnie came, and now I have two to care for. Ma yells, "Mary get Jimmie Jr. a piece of bread and butter." Nellie yells, "wash Johnnie's face." I wish I could die so I do. (cries)

Last night Pa took me on his lap and told me not to cry. I told him if I ever got married I wouldn't marry a "College Man" for they haven't got sense enough to take care of their own babies.

Our Sunday School teacher said, "Job had so many troubles he wished he had never been born. I told him I wished God hadn't borned me, then I wouldn't have to care for babies.

There Ma is yelling for me to put a clean dress on Jimmie Jr. Then rock Johnnie to sleep. Oh, I wish I could die. When I get to Heaven I never want to see a baby, I don't! I don't!

BY LAURA L. QUIGLEY

JOHNNY

Johnny thinks he knows an awful lot,

The kids don't dare to tell him what's what!
He is very small
But he thinks he knows it all,
He's about the smartest kid the town has got.

There isn't much that Johnny doesn't know,
Can tell you things that happened long ago:
Knows more than mother or dad
Oh, It makes him awful mad
To think that people think that he is slow.

One day he licked a little boy at school,
And then he said his teacher was a fool,
Johnny made a face,
He sure is a disgrace,
And said he wouldn't ever keep the rule.

Johnny is so very, very bad,
It makes his mother feel so very sad:
He took a base-ball bat,
And threw it at the cat,
And when poor kitty died said he was glad.

But, now he's changed. He's very, very meek,
Johnny doesn't scarcely ever speak,
His dad came home one day
In the midst of his affray,
And Johnny's been in bed now most a week.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

GO TO BED

I have to go to bed
For every thing I do,
Going to bed in the day time
Makes me feel so blue.
Mrs. Jones came to our house
She always walks so slow,
I said, "Ma says you've got crow's feet
I'd like to hear 'em crow.
And just for that
I had to go to bed.

Mrs. Brown said they had
 The finest sleeping porch in town:
 Then bragged about the marble steps
 Where she walks up and down:
 Pa and Ma both sat there
 And said nothing 'bout what we got
 Mrs. Brown kept on talking
 My! She talked an awful lot;
 Then she bragged some more
 About their peacock and grouse
 Till I said "That ain't nothin'
 We got a bran new mortgage on our house
 And just for that
 I had to go to bed.

Ma promised me a bran new doll
 And then one day pa said,
 You've got a new baby-brother
 Sent to you instead.
 Come and see the baby
 That the stork has brought
 I said, "I don't want to see the baby.
 I want to see the stork."
 And just for that
 I had to go to bed.

At school that mean old teacher
 Cause I said, "darn" and "Gee"
 Said if she did her duty
 A licking she'd give me:
 It's very strange your mother
 Allows you to talk that way
 I'd like to be your mother
 For just about one day.
 I said, "I'll speak to dad
 And ask for his O. K."
 And when I asked him about it
 He said, in the usual way
 "Go to bed!—Go to bed!

At night, when I say my "Now I lay me"
 I don't say "If I should die before I wake

I say "I pray the Lord My bed will break,
Go to bed!—Go to bed.

LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

SO WAS I

My name is Tommy and I hates
That feller of my sister Kate's.
He's bigger'n I am and you see
He's sorter lookin' down on me.
And I resents it with a vim
I think I'm just as good as him.
He's older but he's mighty fly,
But he's a kid and so am I.

One time he came down by the gate:
I guess it must been awful late:
And Katie she was there and they
Was talkin' very nice and gay.
And he was talkin' all the while
About her sweet and lovin' smile,
And everything was nice as pie,
And he was there and so was I.

They didn't see me cause I slid
Down underneath a bush and hid.
And he was sayin' that his love
Was greater'n all the stars above.
Up in the glorious heavens placed,
And then his arm got round her waist,
And clouds were floating in the sky
And he was there and so was I.

I didn't hear just all they said
But bye and bye my sister's head
Was droopin' on his shoulder, an'
I seed him holding Katie's hand,
An' then he hugged her closer some,
And then I heard a kiss . . . Yum yum,
And Katie blushed and drew a sigh
And sorter coughed and so did I.

An' then that feller looked around
 And seed me there down on the ground,
 An' was he Mad? Well! Betcher boots!
 I gets right outer there and scoots.
 An' he just left my sister Kate
 A standing right there by the gate,
 An' I seed blood was in his eye,
 An' he was there and so was I.

I runned the very best I could,
 But he catshed up, I's 'fraid he would,
 An' then he said he'd teach me how
 To know my manners he'd allow;
 An' then he shaked me awful, Gee!
 He just, He frashed the ground with me.
 An' then he stopped it bye and bye
 Cause he was tired and so was I.

An' then he went back to the gate,
 And couldn't find my sister Kate.
 Cause she went in to bed while he
 Was runnin' round and thumpin' me.
 I got round in a shadder dim
 An' made a face and laughed at him.
 And then the moon laughed in the sky
 Cause he was there and so was I.

BY JOSEPH BERT SMILEY

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A MOST OBLIGING LITTLE SISTER

My sister'll be down in a minute,
 And says you're to wait if you please:
 And says I might wait till she came,
 If I'd promise her never to tease,
 Nor speak till you spoke to me first,
 But that's nonsense; for how would you know
 What she told me to say, if I didn't.
 Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone.
And you wouldn't know just where to sit:
For that chair isn't strong on it's legs,
And we never use it a bit;
We keep it to match with the sofa;
But Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it
And knock out the very last screw.

Suppose you try! I won't tell.
You're afraid to! You're afraid
They would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty
If you're sure that your fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it;
But she only says that when she's cross
That's her picture. You know it? It's like her;
But she's not as good looking, of course.

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all
Now tell me you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that?
It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was a message to pa
From the photograph-man where I sat,-
That he wouldn't print off any more
Till he first got his money for that.

What? Maybe you're tired of waiting.
Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all of her back hair to do up,
And all of her front hair to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking
Like grown people just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often?
Oh do! But don't come like Tom Lee,

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why My Goodness!
He use to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband,
And Jack says that gave him a fright."
You won't run away then, as he did
For you're not a rich man, they say.

Pa says you're poor as a church mouse.
Now, are you, and how poor are they?

Ain't you glad that you met me? Well I am;
For I know now that your hair isn't red,
But what there is left of it is mousey
And not what that naughty Jack said;
But there! I must go; sister's coming!
But I wish I could wait just to see
If she ran up to you, and kissed you,
In the way she used to kiss Lee.

BRET HARTE

MARJORY'S WEDDING

In the first place, I'm the wrong age to fit in very well at weddings. Am too old and too large to be ring bearer and not old enough nor large enough to be best man, but thank goodness for these deficiencies for I never expect to attend another wedding. In fact, would rather go to a funeral any old day.

Now Marjory is a dandy girl if I do say it. A boy never had a better sister. She always had time to help me with my hard lessons until she began to get ready for her wedding, and then Oh! I don't like to think about it. The whole house was in a mix up. Changing furniture from one room to another. I hate house cleaning anyway.

I couldn't bear to go in that house. I spent all my spare time at the old swimming hole.

The last week before the wedding was the worst. I couldn't think of Marjory leaving home without a great lump in my throat and my eyes getting all misty. Marjory and Mother baked and baked and cooked and cooked, but I only had bread and milk for dinner when I came from school. It was tough on a fellow when he knew the house was full of frosted cakes, but I endured even that better than the wedding.

At last the day of the wedding came; I've always wished I'd gone and stayed at the old swimming hole. Jack,—he's Marjory's husband now, came on the morning train. Say! He's some fellow too. Tall, with broad shoulders, straight as an Indian, a jolly twinkle in his blue eyes. I always liked him; all I ever had against him was that he took my sister away from me. Say! He's got lots of money too, and that's just what Father and I lack. That's nothing against Father though; I expect to be rich some day and then I'll take care of Father.

I was all dressed up wandering around the rooms down stairs. I went into the back parlor where the ceremony was to be performed. There was a great bank or arch of roses in one corner of the room where Jack and Marjory were to stand. That whole room was scented with those roses. It made me think of Grandma's funeral. I'll always feel bad to smell roses now.

Well, when I saw those roses just like those at Grandma's funeral, I made up my mind Marjory's wedding wasn't going to be like a funeral. So I hurried to the garden and gathered three of my biggest sunflowers, got five or six American flags that I had on my dog house. Then I hustled into the parlor and put all of them into that arch. My, how it did improve it, looked so much more cheerful. I just had time before the guests began to arrive. They looked sort of queer when they saw those decorations. I didn't tell anyone about them. My! but that house was packed with people.

Pretty soon the orchestra struck up the wedding march. The bridal party came down stairs. My! It took my breath when I saw Marjory. She did look fine. All white and shimmering like a picture of an angel. Jack looked fine to. They all marched in and took their places in front of the arch. I was so glad I'd changed it. Mother was so frustrated she hadn't noticed anything different. As soon as Marjory saw those flags she

grew pale; maybe she thought some day Jack might have to go to war.

Well, the minister began the ceremony, reading in his little book. The house was so still you could have heard a pin drop. When out of those sunflowers flew two of the fattest bumblebees I ever saw. One went straight for the minister's bald head, lit on it and walked round and round. He put up his hand to brush it off and it stung him he just groaned. About that time the other bee zipped him on the nose. He struck at it, but continued the ceremony.

At last they were married and all the people began to congratulate them and talk and laugh. Mother cried. Dad looked so sober and blew his nose so hard. My eyes got all blurry. I felt in my pocket for a handkerchief, put my hand on that old mask I had when we boys played Indian. I drew it out and put it on to keep from howling. Those Brown girls just snickered.

Everybody went out to supper. I thought what a good meal I'd have but I didn't enjoy it one bit. The minister looked so queer with a big bunch swollen up on his head and another on his nose. I wanted to laugh when I remembered how I felt when I got into a yellow jacket's nest when I was fishing. I knew I was to blame for I should have looked into the centers of those sunflowers, but I was in such a hurry.

When we were leaving the table, I heard a howl from the room where the presents were on exhibition. I hurried in to see what the trouble was. The pup I had paid Tommy Smith three dollars for, out of my bicycle money, and had given Jack for a wedding present, had gnawed one corner of the expensive rug Aunt Jane had sent them; had torn one of the lovely curtains Jack's mother had sent, and had broken two cut glass dishes. I did not know what to do, so I put the dog back in his house and kept still. I wished I were dead.

Then something said to me, "Be a man and

own up. You know you ought to have known better than to shut a lively pup up in that toom." So I hunted Jack up and told him all about it. He said, "Never you mind, old fellow. I appreciate all you have done to make this wedding a success. You come and see us when we get back from our trip and you can run my car for me."

Say! But I was glad. He's got some car. Father and I have just a rattly old Ford.

Well, finally the bride and groom started on their honeymoon trip. Why do they call it honeymoon trip anyway?

Everybody hustled around talking and laughing and making confusion. They threw old shoes and rice at them. I ran to the kitchen, but could not find any rice, so I took beans. I hated to waste them. I knew this affair had cost Father a lot of money, if Mother and Marjory did do all the work, so I didn't throw as many as I otherwise would have thrown.

After all the guests had gone, I went back to the dining room and what a good eat I did have. The very first bit of enjoyment I had had in weeks. I did not forget the pup either but took him out a great big plate of goodies.

You never saw such a looking place as that house was. It looked very much like a fair ground after the County Fair, and Mother and Marjory had worked so hard to make it look fine.

The next day at school I told Elizabeth (she was my best girl) that I should never have a wedding of my own; that it cost too much; was too much trouble. That I'd just go around the corner and be married in the parsonage. She said that she was going to have a grand wedding and she hoped no fool boy would spoil everything at her wedding as I had done for Marjory. Now she knew I intended to marry her for I had plainly told her so. So I made up my mind she could just go. If she intended to have her own way now she would probably always want to. So I

told her as she would rather have a wedding than to have me, I shouldn't have her for my girl any more. I'd have Louise. So that's why Louise is my best girl now.

BLANCHE AUSTIN JONES

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket
 Accustomed to sing
 Through the fine sunny months
 Of gay summer and spring,
 Began to complain
 When he found that at home
 His cupboard was empty
 And winter had come.
 Not a crumb to be found
 On the snow covered ground,
 Not a leaf on a tree
 Nor a flower could he see,
 Oh, what will become
 Says the cricket, of me?

At last, by starvation
 And Famine made bold,
 All dripping with wet
 And trembling with cold,
 Away he set off
 To a miserly ant
 To see if to keep him alive
 She would grant.

A shelter from rain,
 A mouthful of grain,
 He wished only to borrow,
 He would pay it to-morrow,
 If not, he must die
 With starvation and sorrow.

Said the ant to the cricket.
 I'm thy servant and friend,

But we ants never borrow,
We ants never lend.
Oh, tell me dear sir,
Did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?
Said the cricket Not I.

My heart was so light
I sang day and night:
For all nature seemed gay,
You sang sir, you say?
Go, then, said the ant,
And sing winter away.
And as she had spoken
She lifted the wicket
And out of the door
Turned the poor little cricket.

Though this is a fable
The moral is good;
If we go without work
We must live without food.

THE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON

"Come wife" says good old farmer Gray,
"Put on your things" 'tis market day"
Let us be off and ride to town,
Returning ere the sun goes down
Spot—No, we'll leave old Spot behind,"
But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
And soon made up his doggish mind
To steal away under the wagon.

Away they went a good round pace
And joy came to the farmer's face
"Poor Spot," said he, did want to come
But I am glad he's left at home
He'll guard the barn and guard the cat
And keep the cows out of the lot,

"I'm not so sure of that," growled Spot,
The little dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold
And got his pay in yellow gold,
Then started homeward after dark
Home through the lonely forest,—HARK!
A robber springs from behind a tree,
"Your money or else your life," said he,
The moon shone bright, but he didn't see
The little dog under the wagon.

Old Spot he saved the farmer's life
The farmer's money and the farmer's wife,
And now a hero, grand and gay,
A silver collar he wears to-day
Among his friends, among his foes
And everywhere his master goes
Spot follows on his horny toes
The little dog under the wagon.

TWO WEALTHY BOYS

Two boys of teen age met one day
Upon a grassy spot;
And each had something great to say,
About his happy lot.

The one whose name was Harry Lee,
A very rich man's son,
Had only known of city life,
And thought he'd have some fun.

Said he, "I am a rich man's son,
We've lots of things you see;
My papa owns a limousine,
And lends it oft to me.

"My mother has a cage of birds,
A vase of blooming flowers;
A jar of shining golden fish,

Her gold watch tells the hours.

"The water's piped right in to us,
And when I want a drink,
I do not have to leave the house,
But go right to the sink.

"And when I want to take a bath,
I plunge beneath a flood
Enclosed by shining porcelain;
It surely warms my blood."

The other boy, a farmer lad,
Whose only name was Ned;
With touseled hair and beaming eye,
Looked up at him and said;

I'm just a common farmer lad,
I live right down the way;
You talk about your wealthy dad,
And have a lot to say,

"But say, you ought to see my dad,
With all his wealth and store;
I'spect he'd make you wish you had,
At least a million more

"We have no limousine you know,
But just a little sled;
To hitch my donkey to,
And gee! that's fun for Ned.

"You talk about your cage of birds,
As though you thought me poor;
I 'spect there are a hundred kinds
Around my daddy's door.

"They sing and fly from tree to tree,
And when you're feeling blue;
Just step right out and you can hear
'Em sing a bit for you.

"An talk about your flower vase,

Why, boy, our daffodils,
And golden rod, and violets,
Just cover up the hills.

“So far’s a watch to tell the time,
I think it’s lots more fun
To have a door face measure line,
That tells it by the sun.

“Your having water in the house,
Don’t seem so rich to me;
We’ve got a rolling, babbling brook,
That runs down to the sea.

“And when I’m thirsty, I go out,
And lie flat on the ground,
And drink right from a water spout
The coolest that is found.

“And talk about your golden fish,
That seems so fine; but say,
We’ve got a creek that’s brimmin’ full,
Of big ones every day.

“I sometimes take my fishin’ pole,
And call my little dog;
And stroll off to a fishin’ hole,
And sit down on a log;

“And take a big old yellow worm,
And place it on my hook,
And when I’ve named it, drop it down
Right in some sunny nook;

“And pretty soon I get a bite,
Then give my pole a sling,
And land a two pound silver side.
That’s what ’ll make you sing.

“You have a bath tub in your house,
But say, you ought to see
That big old swimmin’ hole o’ ours,
And take a plunge with me.

"A bath tub's small it seems to me
To fill it to the brim
'Twould never do for Tom and me
To undertake to swim.

"But when that swimmin'! hole's in sight,
It seems to fairly grin;
So off goes hat, an' coat, an' all,
And Tom and I plunge in.

"Of course your daddy may 'be rich,
But my dad has some wealth,
For money will not always buy
Our happiness and health."

So both the boys strolled 'long the road,
And both did there agree,
That any boy with wealth like Ned
Was rich as he could be.

G. O. McMILLAN

EARS AND EYES

Come, Kiss me sweet Phyllis
Said Gordon Gay
As he walked by the maid
Through the clover one day.

There is no one to see us
And no one to hear
So tell me you love me
And kiss me my dear.

What is that growing
Right over there
In the field next to the clover?
Said Phyllis so fair!

Why corn and potatoes
Said Gordon Gay,
Corn and potatoes

Come kiss me I pray.

I can't tell you I love you
And kiss you right here
With corn and potatoes
Growing so near.

For you surely must be
Sufficiently wise
To know *corn* has got *ears*
And *potatoes* have *eyes*.

THE MISTAKE

Listen girls, and you shall know—
Of a thing that happened long ago,
When I was a girl not as large as you,
And the youngest of all the children too;
I laugh at it now as I think it o'er
And the more I think I laugh the more.

'Twas a chilly eve of a winter's day;
We were all in the kitchen cheery and gay.
A fire burned bright on the old brick hearth
And its cheerful light gave zest to our mirth.
My eldest sister addressing me
Stopped at once my mirthful glee.

To-morrow is Christmas, you know says she,
We must kill the chickens tonight, you see,
So get the lantern and come with me.
I will wring their necks until they are dead
And have them all dressed ere we go to bed.

So the old huge lantern made of tin
Punched full of holes and a candle within
Put in it's appearance in much less time
Than it takes to make this jingling rhyme.
So off we started and the way I led
For a raid on the chickens under the shed.

A pile of roots filled the open space
This made a splendid roosting place;
And a motley tribe of domestic fowls
Sat pinioned there as demure as owls.
My sister unused to scenes of blood
And pale with excitement, trembling stood.

But summoning courage she raised her hands
And seized the old rooster with both her hands
Then with triumph written all over her face
Her victim bore to an open space.
Then wrung and wrung with might and main
And wrung and twisted and wrung again.

Full sure that the spark of life had fled
She threw him down on the ground for dead;
But the rooster wouldn't consent to die
And be made into a chicken pie.
So he made away with a cackle and bound
Almost as soon as he touched the ground.

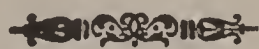
And hiding away from the candle's light
Escaped the slaughter of that dark night.
My sister, thus brought to a sudden stand
And looking at what she held in her hand
Soon saw why the rooster wasn't dead
She had wrung off his tail instead of his head.



Lettie Austin Smith's
Elocutionary Selections
Part Two



FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS



FROM, THE STORY OF EVANGELINE

Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember, raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of justice stood in the public square, upholding the scales in it's left hand and in it's right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance, having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.

But in the course of time, the laws of the land were corrupted: Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty ruled with an iron rod.

Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace that a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household. She, after form of trial, condemned to die on the scaffold, patiently met her doom, at the foot of the Statue of Justice.

As to her Father in Heaven her innocent spirit ascended, Lo! O'er the city a tempest rose: and the bolts of thunder smote the Statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from it's left hand down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance, and in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie, into whose clay built walls the necklace of pearls was interwoven.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it when his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.

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UNAWARES
OR
THE MASTER IS COMING

They said, the Master is coming
To honor the town to-day

And none can tell at whose home
The Master will choose to stay.
And I thought as my heart beat wildly
What if he should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the guest divine?

And straightway I turned to toiling
To make my house more neat,
I swept and dusted and garnished
And decked it with blossoms sweet.
I was worried for fear the Master
Would come ere my work was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster
And watched the hurrying sun.

And right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door
She had come to tell me her troubles
And my comfort and help to implore.
I said, I am sorry for you
But I cannot help you to-day
I have greater things to attend to
And the woman turned away.

But soon there came another
A cripple, thin, pale and gray
And he said "O let me stop and rest
A while in your home I pray."
I have traveled far since morning
I am hungry and faint and weak
My soul is full of misery
And your comfort and help I seek.

I said, "I am grieved and sorry for you,
But I cannot help you to-day,
I look for a great and noble guest.
And the cripple turned away.
And the day wore on more swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

I thought how I'd spring to meet Him
And I'd serve Him with utmost care
When a little child stood by me
With face so sweet and fair.
Sweet, but with marks of tear drops,
And his clothes were tattered and old,
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

I said, "I am sorry for you,
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it;
You must hasten elsewhere."
And at my words a shadow
Passed o'er his blue veined brow.
Someone will clothe and feed you,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my task was over and done:
My house was swept and garnished.
And I watched in the dark alone.
Watched, but no footsteps sounded,
No one paused at my gate.
No one entered my cottage door.
I could only pray and wait,

I waited till night had deepened
And the Master had not come,
He has entered some other door I cried,
And gladdened some other home:
My labor has been for nothing
And I bowed my head and wept,
My heart was sore with longing
Yet in spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me
And his face was grave but fair,
"Three times to-day I came to your door.
And craved your pity and care:
Three times you sent me onward
Unhelped and un comforted,
And the blessing you might

Have had is lost
And your chance to serve has fled.

Oh Lord, Dear Lord, forgive me,
How could I know it was Thee?
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility:
Then He said thy sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee.
For comforting not the least of mine,
Ye have failed to comfort me.

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SUMMER BOARDERS

Ever since the days of Ananias and Sapphira
The summer boarder has been a delusion and a
snare and a great cross for the American farmer to
bear.

But many of these unsophisticated, hard work-
ing and guileless people have had this cross thrust
upon them and probably this "Cousin" scheme
will continue to be worked on them until time
shall be no more, and calendars shall have passed
away.

Lemuel Clark and his estimable better half are
residents of Frost Holler. These two God-fearing
and humble followers of the faith, that kept the
celebrated Job from committing suicide at an early
age, are unfortunately possessed of numerous city
relatives, some of whom, hie themselves every sea-
son, when the city pavements begin to sizzle to
the home of their "beloved" relatives at Frost
Holler, where they can loll in hammocks under
the leafy trees, and partake of Ma Clark's excell-
ent cooking free gratis for nothing.

Last summer the two Cackleberry girls, Miss
Irene and Miss Marie, from the quaker City came
up bag and baggage and camped out in the parlor
and parlor bed room "for the hot spell" they said.

After a month or so, Pa and Ma Clark began

to have "That tired feeling."

One night after they had crawled up under the eaves to wait for the roosters to crow they began to devise ways and means whereby they could pry loose from their humble domicile these two star boarders, without injuring anybody's feelings. So they fixed it up that Lem was to come home and pretend to be intoxicated. They thinking that the young ladies would become disgusted and horrified and leave at once.

Ma Clark however, crowded by hard work and general worry, had forgotten this plot when Lem showed up the next day apparently drunk, and this is what took place.—

O dear, I'm glad the children aren't here to see their father in such an awful condition: Oh why aren't bootleggers sent to the electric chair for selling their vile stuff to respectful husbands and fathers, moaned Ma Clark.

"Ain't had a thing to drink" murmured Lem but I'm a nervous wreck from overwork."

But Ma Clark had forgotten the put-up job on the guests, and failed utterly to understand him. If you have no respect for me, she remarked coldly, please remember we have two nice young girls visiting us. If you aren't drunk what does ail you? Jane, did you put brandy in the mince pies?

We didn't have mince pies to-day. Don't you remember we had pudding with whipped cream? O I don't remember anything. I only know that I'm a nervous wreck, moaned Lem, but again Ma Clark failed to respond to the cue or to even remember that she had arranged with Lem to faint and have hysterics in order to get rid of the Cackleberry girls, and now Lem was sacrificing himself to the cause and was indulging in swoons and hysterics, he was simply regarded as having been suddenly overcome by his illegal potations.

I'm sure I don't understand why you — — and then she suddenly remembered the program that had been arranged between herself and Lem.

She realized quickly that Lem was spoiling everything. That the Cackleberry girls would never leave and go home thro' any sympathy for him whether he had a nervous or alcholic collapse.

"This is awful" exclaimed Ma Clark and burst into tears, then laughter, and beat her feet in rapid jig time against the floor.

Her nervous collapse was a trifle late, but it had arrived and it was all the more natural and realistic in that Lem's strange behavior gave an excuse that appeared genuine and Bona Fide. You Worm! cried Miss Irene Cackleberry, transfixing Lem with a basilisk look. "Why don't you beat your poor wife and be done with it?"

"Maybe he does when no one is around," said Miss Irene Cackleberry, "Perhaps that is why poor Mrs. Clark has begged us to stay with her, And to never, never go back to Philadelphia."

At these words Ma Clark screamed long and loud, and it was genuine suffering.

"If he were my husband, I would have him up before the judge of domestic relations court before sundown" sniffed Miss Irene Cackleberry.

"It's his disgraceful conduct that has driven her to this. Some one ought to be with her all the time."

At this, Lem lost his temper. Patience ceased to be a virtue in his eyes just at that period.

How dare you say such things about me? he yelled, indignantly. I haven't been drinking. I never treat my wife unkindly.

As for my dear wife, and here Lem began to smooth the brow of his swooning help mate, "she is suffering a sudden nervous strain caused from having too much company. I must take her to some quiet place for rest and recuperation, and you two can pack up and beat it back to the city of brotherly love or sisterly hate.

"We shall do no such thing, we will not desert her, you brute," said Miss Marie Cackleberry. We shall stay right here with her or else she shall be taken to some nice summer resort, and you

shall pay the bills, you scoundrel.

She shall not be left alone here with you another day so there.

BY PETER WINTERGREEN

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THE NEW CARPET

Poor Charlie Jones was bashful and he loved
Selina Jane.

He called each Sunday evening and on Wednesday
called again.

He'd kept this schedule faithfully

For nearly fifteen years,

A dilatory habit which had caused her many tears

She really couldn't help it: He wouldn't take a
hint:

When her spirits drooped he cheered her with a
sugar peppermint.

And fair Selina Jones was quite discouraged
through and through,

Likewise her pa and mother and her younger
sisters too.

Charles loved her most sincerely

He was timid, that was all.

And he cursed his fatal weakness after every fruit-
less call.

He would sit and eye her fondly in the twilight's
gathering gloom,

But couldn't seem to navigate across that sitting
room,

And had fate not smashed the dead-lock

He'd no doubt be to this day

Holding down that chair and sighing in his cus-
tomary way;

But the thing which changed the program

And their happy union wrought

Was a Brussels parlor carpet, which Selina's fath-
er bought.

Selina thought it lovely, it was colored green and red:

And she waited with impatience, just to see what Charlie said.

When he called on Wednesday evening after it was nailed in place,

But alas! No admiration was apparent on his face
He took just as he always did, the cushioned rocking chair,

And Selina graced the sofa, there was lots of room to spare.

Then they talked about the weather just as they had done so long,

And he went on slowly rocking to the tune of Love's Sweet Song.

But a miracle is happening for across the gorgeous floor,

That rocking chair is creeping as it never did before.

It is surely drawing nearer and Selina held her breath,

'Tis a time that she'll remember to the hour of her death.

You have seen those Brussels carpets?

And perhaps you know the trick,

How a rocker crawls upon them in a manner weird and slick.

Well—Within a half an hour Charlie held her to his breast,

It was fate that pushed the button, and the rocker did the rest.

There's a sequel to the story, for Selina chanced to tell her busom friend Maria,

What it was that broke the spell,

And Maria must have told it to another busom friend,

When a tale like that gets started it is hard for it to end.

It's evident that Charlie Jones was not the only one who'd been procrastinating

The things which should be done.
 For within six weeks or seven (Now be ready
 with your smiles,)
 Not a yard of Brussels carpet
 Could be bought in fifty miles.

BY CAROLINE A. WALKER

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AT THE FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE

Young Johnny Dove was very much in love
 With a pretty little maid named Flossy Moore:
 She use to work as a nifty little clerk
 At the five and ten cent store.

Each day at three young Johnny used to be
 Where Flossy worked, One day she asked him
 why?

"I'm going to be wed to her," he softly said
 And everything I need I always buy.
 At the five and ten cent store
 I got the carpet for the floor,
 The paper on the wall and the matting in the hall
 And other things galore.

Now I'm coming back for more,
 There's something else I'm looking for
 Marry me my Honey do,
 So I can say I got you too,
 At the five and ten cent store.

The years have fled since John and Flo were wed.
 They're as happy as two doves could ever be:
 Their home so neat is now about complete,
 What a pretty sight to see.

This happy pair are quite contented there
 With kiddies three, aged seven, six and four.
 Young Johnny says to Flo I want the world to
 know,

With the last dime that I've got.
I'll buy a house and lot
At the five and ten cent store.

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THE ROUND OF LIFE

Two children, down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery:
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on it's snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale, that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on the sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof tree.
A lifted latch, and a radiant face,
By the open door in the fading light;
A welcome home and a warm embrace,
From the love of his youth and his children
bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky,
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star:

But dearer to them are the Jasper walls
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old church-yard on a green hill side,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest,
The fisherman's boat going out with the tide,
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rain-bow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.

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ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roof; and then a mouldered church;
Higher, a long street climbs to a tall-towered mill.
Here on this beach, a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses—Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck—played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore.
A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children played at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times,
Enoch would hold possession for a week
"This is my house and this my little wife,"
"Mine too," said Philip "turn and turn about"
When, if they quarreled, Enoch stronger made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears
Shriek out "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him.
But she loved Enoch, though she knew it not,
And would, if asked, deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie; and so prospered that at last
A luckier fisherman there did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and all men looked upon him
With favor. Ere he touched his one and twen-
tieth May

He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half way up
The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.
Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people, making holiday,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie sitting hand in hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire;
And in their faces Philip read his doom.

So these were wed; and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years—seven happy years.
Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Opened a larger haven. And, still more,
Another hand crept too across his trade.
And while he prayed, the master of the ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, reporting his vessel China bound,

And wanting yet a boatswain—would he go?
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 And moving homeward came on Annie pale.
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid her feeble infant in his arms,
 Whom Enoch took and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie till the morrow, when he spoke.
 Then for the first she fought against his will.
 But Enoch faced the morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save as his Annie's were a laughter to him,
 Yet prayed he for blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him. And then he said.
 "Annie, this voyage, by the grace of God,
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."
 He cast strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
 And from the babe, the sickly one, who slept,
 She clipped a tiny curl, and this he kept
 Through all his future; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand and went his way.

Now the third child, howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering, ere she was aware,
 Like a caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little, innocent soul flitted away.
 In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace,
 Smote him for having kept aloof so long.
 "Surely," said Philip, I may see her now,
 May be some little comfort." Therefore went.
 But Annie, fresh from burial of her child,
 Cared not to look on any human face.
 Then Philip faltering said: "Annie, I came
 To ask a favor—to speak of what he wished,
 Enoch, your husband; I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? Not to see the world
 But for the wherewithal to give his babes
 A better bringing up than his had been.

That was his wish; and if he come again
Vexed will he be to find the precious hours
Were lost; and it would vex him in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild,
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Now let me put the boy and girl to school;
This is the favor that I came to ask.”
Then Philip put the boy and girl to school
And bought them needful books, and every way
Made himself theirs; and though for Annie’s sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
And with some pretext of fineness in the meal,
Flour from his mill that whistled on the waste.

It chanced one evening that the children longed
To go with others, nutting, to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begged
For Father Philip, as they called him, too,
And when the children plucked at him to go,
He laughed and yielded readily to their wish;
But after scaling half the weary way,
All Annie’s force failed. “Let me rest,” she said.
So Philip rested with her well-content.
At last he said, lifting his honest forehead,
“Annie, there is a thing upon my mind;
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago,
Should still be living; well, then—let me speak—
I wish you for my wife.” “Can one love twice?”
Answered Annie. “Can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? What is it that you ask?”
“I am content,” he answered, “to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “Dear Philip, wait awhile:
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long—
I am bound: you have my promise—in a year!”
And Philip answered, “I will bide my year,”
So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
But never merrily beat Annie’s heart,
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
A whisper on her ear.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sailed
The ship "Good Fortune," slipped across the
world.

Less lucky her home-voyage; at first, indeed,
Through many a fair sea-circle, scarce rocking,
Till storms came, such as drove her under moon-
less heavens,

And hard upon the cry of "Breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn.
And one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
Of two remaining, one fell sun-stricken,
And Enoch lived alone.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head,
The seasons came and went, year after year,
His hopes to see his own had not yet perished,
When his lonely doom came sudden to an end.
Another ship blown by the baffling winds,
Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay.
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosened, till he made them understand.
Whom, when their casks were filled they took
aboard;

And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
Scarce credited at first, but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listened to it;
Then moving up the coast they landed him
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sailed before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? Had he a
home?

Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.
Then down the long street having slowly stolen,

His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes,
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there,
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me?"
Onward he went seeking a tavern which
Of old he knew—so ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it, and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house.
There Enoch rested silent many days;
But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous;
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed—
She told him all the story of his house:
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost."
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated, muttering, "Cast away and lost."

But Enoch yearned to see her face again,
Until the thought haunted and harassed him,
And drove him forth one dull November eve.
Now, Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
With one small gate that opened on the waste.
And cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the hearth.
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knee;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed.
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her, tall and strong
Now, when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,

And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,
 Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and
 feared

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.
 He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Crept to the gate, and opened it and closed
 Behind him, and came out upon the street;
 And falling prone upon the earth he prayed:
 "Too hard to bear! O blessed Saviour, Thou
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! Aid me; give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Never! No father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother; and the boy, my son!"
 And as the year rolled round to meet the day
 When Enoch had returned, a languor came,
 Weakening the man till he could do no more.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully,
 As he saw death dawning and the close of all;
 For through that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope
 On Enoch, thinking. "After I am gone
 Then she may learn I loved her to the last."
 He called aloud for Miriam Lane, and said:
 "Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the Book
 Not to reveal it till you see me dead."
 "Dead!" clamored the good woman; "hear him
 talk!

I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
 Yet on the Book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch told her all. On the third night
 While Enoch slumbered, motionless and pale,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.

He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved!" and so fell back and spake no more.
So passed the strong, heroic soul away;
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

NOW WHAT SHOULD A YOUNG
MAID DO?

Now what should a young maid do?
If when walking in the lane
There should come a gust of rain
And she met a lad she knew
With umbrella good and new—
And just wide enough for two
Now what should a young maid do?

Now what should a young maid do?
If his arm should be misplaced,
And should wander round her waist;
And when walking two by two,
Safe and dry and hid from view,
He should whisper I love you;—
Now what should a young maid do?

Now what should a young maid do?
If when too much dashed to speak
He should kiss her crimson cheek,
And a thousand vows would give her
Saying he would love her ever
And protest he never, never;—
Now what should a young maid do?

Now what did a young maid do?
Why, she waited in the lane
'Till the young man came again,
And she kissed him for his mother,
And he kissed her for her brother

And she gave him still another;—
What else could the young maid do?

BY BYRON W. KING

BALLAD OF ELKANAH B. ATKINSON

Elkanah B. Atkinson's tavern was run
On a plan that was strictly his own;
And he reckoned that dudified ones
Had far better leave him alone.
He allowed that he always had plenty to eat
For folks that liked vitt-u-tals plain;
An' when it came down to pertaters and meat
His house was a credit to main.

His garden stuff he raised himself,
He killed his own pork and his pantry shelf
Just fairly groaned with jellies and jam
And in the shed out back he smoked his ham.
And oft Elkanah use to brag he laid down
pickles by the keg.
He had the durndest hens to lay
Got fifty eggs most every day,
And every egg was as big as your fist
And as fresh as a whiff of mountain mist:
He use to say what made meat tough
Was because some folks warn't strong enough
And the whole house it use to shake
When old Elkanah pounded steak.

He'd pile the eats right on sky high
Soup and meat and chicken and pie
And say, "Well, folks now hoe in
And when you've et that, pass up again.
Of course we ain't no big hotel
But there's some few things we do durned well.

P. Mortimer Perkins came down from New
York
A salesman for corsets and things

With his trousers all creased and a la-de-dah
walk,

As if he were jiggered by strings;
Arrived at the Atkinson tavern one night
And says to Elkanah, says he,
“I want to be called as soon as it's light
For I'm going first train, don't ye see?
It's very important I go by first train
But I find in these country hotels
The service ye get gives a fella a pain
—They don't even answer the bells.
Now I want to be called for that train, me
good man

—For it's very important I go;
Now, weally old Chappie, please see if you can
Just do a thing right once, y'know.
Ye may call me at four, and at half past four
I'll breakfast, now recollect, please!
Before I retire I'll tell you once more
—You'll get the idea by degrees.
Elkanah B. Atkinson lowered his specks
To the very tip end of his nose
Says he, when a feller he really expects
To go by that train, Wal, he goes
Jest fall, right to sleep and don't worry a
mite;

This hain't no big city hotel,
But we'll git ye to goin' termorrer all right.
For there's some things we dew fairly well.

Elkanah B. Atkinson sat up all night
And kept the office fire bright.
He nodded some and yawned and smoked
And at half past three he went and poked
The kitchen fire; then pounded steak
And set potatoes in to bake,
Started the coffee and all the rest.
And then went up to call his guest.
Bangity, Whang! on the cracked old door!
Whangity, Bang! It checked a snore.
P. Mortimer Perkins opened his eyes
In the cold dark dawn in much surprise,
And under the coverlet warm and thick

On the good old fashioned feather tick
Felt the cold on his nose like a frosty knife
And was never so sleepy in all his life.

But still Bang, Whang! on the old cracked
door!

And Elkanah shouting "Mos' ha'f pas' four!"
But the harder the old man pounded and
yapped

The more the drummer garped and gapped.
At last says he, "Is it stormy -oh-h-h?"
"Wal—says Elkanah, "She's spittin' snow."
P. Mortimer Perkins snuggled down
And says he, "This isn't a blamed bad town;
I say, old man now, please go 'way,
I've changed my mind, I guess I'll stay."

Elkanah B. Atkinson, then says he,
"This changin' minds is a bad idee;
I've set in that office there all night
So's I could git ye up all right
An' breakfas' is on an' the coffee's hot,
Now, friend, ye can go on that train or not,
But I tell ye now, right off the reel,
Ye've got ter get up and eat that meal.
P. Mortimer Perkins cursed and swore,
But Elkanah slammed right through that
door,

And he pulled that drummer out of bed
And brandished a chair 'round over his head;
He poked his ribs and made him dress
So sleepy still that his gait cut S
As he staggered down to the dining-room
And ate his meal in the cheerless gloom,
While over him stood the grim old man
With a stick and a steaming coffee-can.
"Now, mister," allowed Elkanah, sense
It's a special breakfas' it's thutty cents."
When the feller paid as meek's a pup,
And stuttered, "Now can I be put up?"
"Why, sartin', mister," Elkanah said:
Ye can go to Boston or back to bed;
There ain't hard feelin,'s no, none at all,

But when a feller he leaves a call
 At the Atkinson House for an early meal,
 He gits it served right up genteel,
 An' when it's ready, wal, now, you bet,
 There ain't no peace till that meal's been et.
 Of course, we ain't no big hotel,
 But some few things we dew quite well.

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THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old fashioned country-seat;
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
 And, from its station in the hall,
 An ancient time-piece says to all,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands,
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
 But, in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say at each chamber door,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth
 Through days of death and days of birth

Of changeful time, unchanged it stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

All are scattered, now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah when shall they all meet again?”
As in the days long since gone by.
The ancient time-piece makes reply,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,

And death, and time, shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
 “Forever-never!
 Never-forever!”

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REMINISCENCE

No such infinite joy could I find here on earth
As a journey once more to the place of my birth.
I am longing to visit the old scenes of yore,
To mingle with neighbors and kind friends once
 more.

Back where I first saw the light of the sun,
There where my journey in Life was begun.

Oh let me return to the old family home,
Where oft we assembled around the hearth-stone.
There parents would rest at the close of the day,
While brothers and sisters were happy at play.
No price I think is too great to give,
If once more those old bygone days I could live.

Oh let me go back where I as a boy
Knew nothing in this world but infinite joy.
There where my pride equalled that of a king,
When first I learned to whistle and sing
The tunes that to goodness my heart did inspire,
When sung in the Church by the old village choir.

Let me wander again in the fields and the lanes,
Where in straw hat and suspenders and kentucky-
 jeans,

We hunted the nest of the robin and sparrow,
And pursued the chip-monk, bow-gun and arrow.
Where warbling bird and the bumble-bee hums
The sweetest of music to me and my chums.

Let me saunter again on the banks of the stream,
 Where the willows grow thick and the grass is
 so green,
 Where so often we angled with fish hook and pole,
 Or paddled and splashed in the old swimming
 hole,
 Till rainstorms approaching we sniffed on the
 breeze,
 Then for shelter we ran to the neighboring trees.

I long to see the old school house once more,
 And the spreading oak tree in front of the door,
 The black-board, the desks, and the teacher's arm-
 chair—
 Ah, the fond recollections still lingering there
 Of the school-days of boy-hood so speedily flown,
 Before their pleasures and true worth are known.

Let me visit again the kind friends and neighbors,
 Who share our joys, our sorrows and labors,
 Ever ready to help you in each time of need—
 Ah, friends like these are true friends indeed.
 Though long years have passed since their faces
 were seen,
 In our memory their kindness will ever keep green.

Though our lot may be cast in a far distant land,
 Though dwelling in cottage or palaces grand,
 Though our hearts be always light beyond mea-
 sure

With new found happiness and pleasure,
 No spot could we ever find here upon Earth
 Half so dear to our hearts as the town of our birth.

HARRY E. GWYNNE

RASTUS JOHNSON'S MISFORTUNE

I'll tell yo' 'bout de, terr'ble luck
 Dat Rastus Johnson had,
 An' I know dat yo'll agree with me
 'Twas too bad, —too bad.

He went out to feed his chickens
 De fines' ob his flock
 De bestest chickens in de town
 Has Rastus Johnson got.

He went out to feed his chickens
 As I said befo'
 An' when he came out dat hen-coop
 He fo'got to shet de do'

He lef' de do' wide open
 An' went down street to roam;
 An' fo'teen of his bes' Plymouth-rocks
 Got out an' went back home.

LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

BILLY GRIMES

"To-morrow, ma I'm sweet sixteen,
 And Billy Grimes, the drover,
 Has popped the question to me, ma,
 And wants to be my lover;
 To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
 He's coming here quite early,
 And take a pleasant walk with me
 Across the fields of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter, dear,
 There's no use now a-talking
 You shall not go across the field
 With Billy Grimes a-walking.
 To think of his presumption, too,
 The dirty ugly drover!
 I wonder where your pride has gone,
 To think of such a lover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,
 And Billy is so lonely;
 Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
 That Billy is the only

Surviving heir to all that's left;
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma,—
And quite six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter, dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly:
Remember then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley."

MY MOTHER'S SONG

Mid the far off hills by a lowly cot,
Bloom the rose, the vine, the for-get-me-not,
And there where zephyrs blow soft and sweet,
And hearts are the truest of hearts that beat
I have heard in the twilight's fading glow
The song of my mother, sweet, sad and low.

Years, years have gone but I hear it still,
And it wakes my heart with its magic thrill:
I can hear that song with it's cadence of tears
Over all the whirl of the troubled years,
Over all life's sorrow and cares and wrong,
Come the echoing words of my mother's song.

I know as she sings it day after day,
Her hair is fast turning to silvery gray;
Her form is more bending, her hand is more weak
And trembling and low are the tones that she
speaks,
She is failing fast thro' suffering long,
But never more sweet was my mother's song.

I know that a message some day must come
To call me again to that cottage home,
And there at the close of a crimson day;

I shall find that sweet voice hushed for aye,
And kneeling low in the fading light
I shall kiss those lips one last good night.

But thro' all the years that my heart shall beat,
As I trod life's path with my weary feet,
I shall hear that song as a voice divine,
And that lowly cot shall become a shrine:
Over all life's sorrows and cares and wrong,
I shall hear the words of my mother's song.

BY BYRON W. KING

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem—(May his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord
"And is mine one?" said Abou, "Nay, Not so,"
Replied the Angel, Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still and said, "I pray thee then
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love
Of God had blessed, And Lo!
Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight;
Make me a child again just for to-night!

Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
 Take me again to your heart as of yore;
 Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
 Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
 Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
 Take them, and give me my childhood again!
 I have grown weary of dust and decay,
 Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
 Weary of sowing for others to reap;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the false, the untrue!
 Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
 Many a summer the grass has grown green,
 Blossomed and faded our faces between;
 Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
 Long I tonight for your presence again.
 Come from the silence so long and so deep;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
 Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
 Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
 Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
 For with it's sunny-edged shadows once more
 Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
 Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
 Since I last listened to your lullaby song:
 Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
 Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
 Clapsed to your heart in a loving embrace,
 With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
 Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
 Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

THE MASTER'S CALL

It may be in the evening
When the toil of the day is done
While sitting alone in the twilight
Watching the sinking sun,
And the hour grows quiet and lonely
While looking across the lea
It may be then at the close of the day
That the master will call for me.

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land
And the dark waves dashing coldly
So cold we can't understand
And life seems not worth living
And everything goes wrong
It may be then that the Master,
Will call us from the throng.

It may be in the morning
When the sun is bright and strong
And the dew is glittering brightly,
And life is at it's dawn.
With a long life's work before us,
We are happy as can be
It may be then in the morn of life,
The Master will call for thee.

It may be at the noon-tide
When life is at it's best
And we are so very busy
We cannot stop to rest
And the birds are singing sweetly
In every bush and tree
It may be in the prime of life,
The Master calls you or me.

But, whether it be in the evening,
Or morning or midnight hour
Whether it be at noon-day,
The time our ambitions tower.

What does it matter, anyway,
If we've lived the best we could:
Whether life be long or short,
If the Master can call it GOOD.

LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

John 11—28: "The Master is come and calleth for Thee"

FRIENDS

How sweet it is to have a friend,
That's always kind and true;
A friend that never fails to find
A little good in you.
A friend that helps you when you're down,
A friend in all your cares,
A friend who never gives a frown,
But all your sorrow shares.
A friend with loving words to say,
A friend with kindly deed,
A friend who loves you every day,
A friend when you're in need.
A friend on whom you can depend,
No matter when or where;
A friend who will your life defend,
When danger hovers there.
A friend who can forgive the past
A friend that will forever last,
A friend, a friend, always

G. O. McMILLAN

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AT THE CROSS ROADS

An old man sat at the Cross Roads
On a stone by the village street.
He was weary and worn and travel stained,
And faint from the dust and the heat.
And his gray head drooped as he sat there

With hunger and travel spent.
While the noon day throng went hurrying by,
On their homeward journey bent.
And I passed by with the others
In that heedless current caught.
That nor rocks nor cares for the stranger poor.
Nor the homeless wanderer's lot.

But the picture left it's image;
I could not drive it away:
And I thought of One who would surely have
 paused
Had He been in the crowd that day.
How His eyes sought out the outcast
Who was barred from his fellow's door,
How He gave His hand to the woman shamed,
And bade her sin no more.
I saw Him kneel by the leper
As he shuddered and cried "Unclean"
And health and joy and manhood came
At the touch of the Nazarene.

They are sitting there at the cross roads,
Weary and faint alone.
There are many bowed with a sinner's shame
Or a shame that is not their own;
It may be a friendless orphan,
Or a slave in the thrall of drink,
Your path may lead to a happy home,
And his to the river's brink;
The wretched, the weak, the burdened,
The pilgrim, with wayworn feet,
They are sitting there as the old man sat,
At the place where the cross roads meet.

Oh, linger a bit at the way side,
And let your heart be heard,
As it bids you pause by your brother man,
And give him a cheering word;
For the life that loves is lovely
And the soul that gives expands,
And the heart that warms to a brother's needs
Is like the Son of Man's.

And the meed will be right royal,
When He says to you and me,
“Inasmuch as ye did for the least of these
Ye have done it unto me.”

SMILES

When the sun is shining brightly,
And the birds sing everywhere,
And the bees are gathering honey,
And sweet summer's in the air,
 You smile.

When youth flows through your veins,
And you are strong and bold,
And you meet each task with laughter,
And you think you'll ne'er grow old,
 You smile.

When college days are over,
And you enter man's estate,
And fling yourself into the fight,
And you're at it soon and late,
 You smile.

When you find you're coffers full of gold,
And count your friends by scores,
And men seek your opinions,
And society ope's its doors,
 You smile.

But when fickle fortune turns her face,
And takes away your gold,
And you feel your bones grow stiff and sore,
And you know you're growing old,
 Do you smile?

When the friend that you have trusted,
Turns and proves himself untrue,
And helps to steal your fortune,
And then laughs and sneers at you,
 Do you smile?

When you see the house you've builded,
Slowly, year by year,
Fall in ruins about you,
Don't stop to shed a tear,
But smile.

Then take the tools you have at hand,
And build you're house once more,
And when its finished you may find,
It's better than before,
Then smile.

If in the fight you are knocked down,
Don't say you're done, you're through,
Get up, help fight the battle out,
A lot depends on you,
Just smile,

Oh, the game of life's a good one,
When you play it on the square,
But you've got to play it to the end,
And you've got to play it fair,
And smile.

Then, when the grim old reaper,
Is standing at your side,
You can look him in the eye and say,
"I did my best, I tried."
And you'll pass out smiling.

BY J. WESLEY RUSBRIDGE

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FORGIVENESS

My heart was galled with bitter wrong,
Revengeful feelings fired my blood,
I brooded hate with passion strong
While round my couch black demons stood.
Kind Morpheus wooed my eyes in vain,
My burning brain conceived a plan;

Revenge! I cried, in bitter strain,
But conscience whispered, "Be a man."

"Forgive!" a gentle spirit cried,
I yielded to my nobler part,
Uprose and to my foe I hied,
Forgave him freely from my heart.
The big tears from their fountain rose,
He melted, vowed my friend to be,
That night I sank in sweet repose
And dreamed that angels— smiled on me.

ANONYMOUS

POOR LITTLE JOE

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great,
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe, I knowed you'd like 'em
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe!—don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder
Where a bang up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot.
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty! maybe not! oh no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin'
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus, says I, if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus,—
Never seed one I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up, poor Joe,
(Lackin' woman folks to do it)
Sich a imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work too) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots fer honest tin.

How that tumble, crippled of you,
So's you couldn't walk much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch.
But, I says, "He's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day;
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this boquet.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to-night;
Kind o' cheerful—It's been a fortnight
Since yer eyes have been so bright.
BETTER? Well, I'm glad ter hear it!
Yes, th're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
FLOWERS IN HEAVEN? 'M—I s'pose so;
Dunno much about it though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
That in Heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise there folks don't git hungry,
So good people, when they died,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler,
 Oh, no! Don't yer have no fear;
 Heaven was made fer such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
 Joe, my boy! Hold up yer head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped them Joey!
 Oh, my God.——Can Joe be DEAD?

PELIG ARKWRIGHT

CUTTING;- THE FIRST QUARREL

Hard was the frost in the field,
 We were married on Christmas day:
 Married among the red berries,
 And all was as merry as May.
 Those were the happy times,
 My house and my husband my pride,
 We seemed like ships in the channel
 A sailing with wind and tide.

But work was scarce in the isle,
 Tho' he tried the village round,
 So Harry went over the Solent
 To see if work could be found:
 And he wrote "I have six weeks work
 Little wife, so far as I know
 I'll come for an hour to-morrow
 And bid you good-bye ere I go."

So I set to righting my house,
 For wasn't he coming that day?
 And I hit on an old deal box
 That was pushed in the corner away,
 It was full of old odds and ends
 And a letter along with the rest
 And I read it and I might better
 Have put my head in a hornet's nest.

"Sweetheart" This was the letter,
 This was the letter I read,

"You promised to find me work near you
And you haven't done as you said;
Did'nt you kiss me and promise?
And you haven't done it my lad,
And I almost died o' your going away,
And I sometimes wish that I had.

And I too wish that I had,
In the pleasant times that were past
Before I quarreled with Harry
My quarrel, the first and the last.
For Harry came in and I flung him
The letter that drove me wild
And he told it to me all at once
As simple as a child.

"What can it matter now
What I did in my single life?
I have been as true to you
As ever a man to his wife.
And he smiled at me and it angered me
All the more and I said,
"You were in love with her
When I was loving you all along,
The same as before and I hate you
And I hate her, oh, I hate you more and
more."

And he spoke so kind to me
When I was so crazy with spite,
"Wait a little my lass
I am sure 'twill all come right."
Then he took three turns in the rain
And I watched him and when he came in
I felt that my heart was hard
He was all wet through to the skin.

And I never said "Off with the wet."
And I never said, "On with the dry."
So I knew my heart was hard
When he came to bid me good-bye.
You said that you hated me Ellen,
But that isn't true you know,

I am going to leave you a bit
You'll kiss me before I go?

"Going? you're going to her,
Kiss her if you will," I said,
I was so wild with spite,
I didn't know well what I said,
But I turned my face from him,
And he turned his face and he went.

And then he sent me a letter
"I've gotten my work to do
You wouldn't kiss me my lass,
And I never loved any but you,
I am sorry for the quarrel
I am sorry for what she wrote,
I have six weeks work in Jersey,
And go to-night by boat."

And the wind began to rise
And I thought of him out at sea,
And I felt I had been to blame
He was always kind to me.
And I thought when Harry comes home
I will surely make it right.
But the boat went down that night.
The boat went down that night.

BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

TOM

Yes Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this: When the old mill
Took fire and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view.
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robert, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining! He must have come there after me.

Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one missing him. Then what a shout—
Oh, how I shouted, for Heaven's sake men,
Save him oh, save him! again and again.
They tried but the fire held them back like a wall
I could hear them go at it, and at it and call
"Never mind baby sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him but I could,
He sat still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer he crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his
name

From reaching the child, But I heard it, it came
Again and again—O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers
Nor minded the heat, that scorched them—
When suddenly there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—
Then crash down came the wall,
The men made a dash—Jumped
To get out of the way and I thought
All's up with poor little Robert and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift at
My side, someone rushed by and went
Right through the flame—straight as a dart,
Caught the child and then came
Back with him—choking and crying—but saved!
Saved—safe and sound.

Oh, how the men raved, shouted and cried,
And hurrawed, then they all
Rushed at their work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me. Oh, you'd admire
To see baby now, he's as bright as a dime,

Deep in some mischief, too most of the time.
 Tom, it was, saved him, now isn't it true,
 Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
 There's baby now—see—he's strong as a log,
 And there comes Tom, too, yes TOM is our dog.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

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TRIBUTE TO A DOG

Senator Vest, of Missouri, was standing court in a country town, and while waiting trial a case in which he was interested, he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. He was paid a fee of \$250 by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while the other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury— The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy, His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed' in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall upon their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man can have in this selfish world, the

one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty; in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow, and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun is in its journeys through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth, an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, thereby the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without any gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$500. He had sued for \$200.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

The summer skies bent soft and blue,

The air is sweet with wild brook's laughter,
And over the orchard's grassy slope

Swift shadows are chasing each other after.
A youth and maiden side by side—

A bashful girl and her rustic lover—
Stand by the turnstile old and brown
That leads to the field of blossoming clover.

She with a milk pail on her arm,
Turns aside, her young cheeks glowing,
And here down the lane the slow, dull tread
Of the drove of cows that are homeward going.
“Bessie” he said, at the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder,
“My mother is feeble, and lame, and old,
I need a wife at the farm-house, yonder,
My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me;
Will you be my guardian angel, dear,
Queen of my household to guide and cheer me?”

“It has a pleasant sound,” she said,
A household queen, a guiding spirit!
But I am only a simple child,—
So my mother says in her daily chiding,
And what must a guardian angel do
When she first begins her work of guiding?

“Well, first dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than the rarest beauty;
And my mother, fretful, old and lame,
Will require a daughter’s loving duty
You will see to her flannels, drops, and tea,
And talk with her of her lungs and liver,
Give her your cheerful service, dear,
The Lord, he loveth a cheerful giver.

“You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious winter nights beguiling;
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is the cheerful face that is always smiling.
In short, you’ll arrange in a general way
For a sort of a sublunary heaven;

For home, dear Bessie, say what you may
Is the highest sphere to a woman given.
The lark sang out to the bending sky

The bobolink piped in the rushes,
And out of the tossing clover blooms
Came the clear sweet song of the meadow
thrushes.

And Bessie, listening, paused awhile,
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor—
“But John,—do you mean—that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?”

“What shall you get?” John gasped and sighed:—
“So young and yet so mercenary;
So artless, and yet so worldly wise—
And this is the girl I thought to marry.”
But Bessie laughed, “I’m a simple child,
So my mother says, with much vain sighing;
But it seems to me, of all hard tasks,
A guardian angel’s is not worth trying.

“To be nurse, companion and servant girl,
To make home’s altar fire burn brightly:
To wash and iron and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home and friends,
Nay, even the name of a mother’s giving;
To do all this for one’s board and clothes;
Why, the life of an angel isn’t worth living!

“Suppose you choose, John, some other man,
Who shall rule your coming and going,
Who shall choose your home, prescribe your work,
Your pay and the time of it’s bestowing;
Who shall own the very clothes you wear,
And your children, if any the good Lord gives,
For a third of what he may possible earn
When he dies, and nothing at all if he lives.

“Just think of it John! But John looked down
And groaned with a sigh of deep regret:
To seem so simple, and be so deep—
Great Caesar! To marry for what she can get!
The clover may blossom, and ripen and fade,
And golden summers may wax and wane,
But I’ll trust no more to an artless smile,

And I'll never propose to a girl again.

And Bessie gayly went her way,
 Down through the fields of scented clover,
 But never again since that summer day
 Has she won a glance from her rustic lover.
 The lark sings out from the bending sky,
 The clouds sail on as white as ever:
 The clovers toss in the summer wind,
 But Bessie has lost that chance forever.

MORAL

Young man, be advised, when you're choosing
 your bride,
 Don't be too explicit until the knot's tied,
 You are safer by far no matter how rich,—
 To talk only of angels and altars and sich."

Young woman! I'll tell you, on sober reflection,
 There are things that won't bear too close in-
 spection,
 And a most fitting dress for a young bride to wear
 Is the robe of "illusion" preserved with great
 care.

BY JULIA MILLS DUNN

THE DUTCHMAN'S LAMENT

I'm a disabointed Ditcher
 What is filled mit grief and pain
 I tell you vat de trouble is
 I don't know my name.

You tink dot very funny, hey,
 When you dot story hear
 You vill not be so much surprised
 It vas so strange und gueer.

Mine mudder had two leedle twins
 Dot vas me und mine brudder

Ve looked so very much a like
No vun could tell de which from de tudder

Von ob dem vas named Yacob
And Hans vas de odder's name
But dot don't make no difference
Ve bot got called de same.

Vell, one ob dem boys got deaded
Yah, people dot vas so
But whedder it vas Hans or Yacob
Mine mudder she don't know:

And so I am in trouble
I can't get through mine head
Whedder I am Hans vot is living
Or Yacob what is dead.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN SHOW

Monologue, Effective with Banjo accompaniment

Uncle Tom's Cabin show came to town
We bought our tickets and we all went down.

When the curtain went up Mr. St. Clair
And all the rest of the company were there.

Marks, the lawyer, and Gumption Cute,
And Simon Legree, the mean old brute,

Miss Ophelia, so prim and neat,
A bachelor maid who is hard to beat.

Topsy was there full of her capers
With her hair done up in curling papers.

Little Miss Eva so pretty and sweet
Dressed in white from her head to her feet.

Eliza crossed the ice with her only child
With blood-hounds on her track fierce and wild.

Uncle Tom was sold for need of tin
And Simon Legree bid him in.

Said he, "Your body and soul belong to me,
"Only my body" said Tom, "My soul is free."

The last scene of all, the death-bed scene is given
When little Eva dies and goes to Heaven.

Then all even the darkies, cried and cried,
And I cried too, when little Eva died.

They lowered the curtain, turned lights in the
dome,
And we put on our hats and we all went home.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

WOMAN'S WORK

Not alone is lofty conquest
Wrought upon the field of blood:
Not alone by marshalled armies
Or by ships that weigh the flood:
Many a voice of gentle accent
Speaks the laws that bind the land:
Many a prayer of gentle mercy
Tempers justices stern demand:
They who train the nation's children
Moulds the power that wields the throne
For the calm or for the whirlwind
Have the hands of women sown
Teach the truth for God and country
Reck not though the struggle come
For the nation's walls are builded
By the hands that build the home.

BYRON W. KING

A FRIEND IN NEED

Said a stranger, as I struggled,
'Neath a heavy tiresome load,
"Hello, Partner, let me help you,
As you journey down the road."
Then he took from me the burden,
And we journeyed through the day,
Both of us a feeling happy,
'Cause he came along that way.

Seems to me we'd all be happy,
If we'd share another's load,
Make him feel he's worth the effort,
By our kindnesses bestowed,
Seems our life would be much longer,
And our rest at end of day,
Would be sweeter far, in knowing,
We had helped someone that day.

Doesn't take so much of effort,
Just a kindly spoken word,
Just a "Hello" or a "Howdy,"
From a passerby that's heard,
Just a smile with kindly meaning,
Or a gentle handclasp tight,
Sends a thrill of satisfaction,
Makes a heavy burden light.

So when traveling down life's pathway,
Don't forget each one to greet,
Each may have some heavy burden,
You might lift from tired feet,
Do not fail to greet him kindly,
Slap him on the back and say,
"Hello, pal, may I assist you,
As you journey on the way?"

Was it not the man of Nazareth?
Who made darkness into light,
Said, "Come all ye heavy laden,
And I'll make your burdens light."

Then, if he could lighten burdens,
Cast the dark and gloom away,
We can follow in His footsteps,
And help someone everyday.

G. O. McMILLAN

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FLORAL GOSSIP OR WHY BACHELOR- BUTTON BECAME A BACHELOR

Daisy told me this morning,
And *Violet* says it is true,
This bit of "Floral Gossip"
Which I'm telling now to you.

Bachelor Button, so dashing,
In the sunset's *Golden-Glow*,
Called to see Miss *Marygold*,
And talked so sweet and low.

Then *Black-Eyed-Susan*,
(Who was not snoozin')
Heard him *Aster* to wed:
She at once told *Marygold's Poppy*
Who sternly shook his head.

Then Missus *Narcissus* grew suspicious
That a wedding would be their fate:
So she notified *Jack-in-the-Pulpit*
To prepare to officiate.

He then told *Lilly*, who is silly
And bade her not to tell:
But she told her friend the *Elder*
Who rang the *Canterbury-bell*.

Then all of the flowers gossiped
And said *Bachelor-Button* bold
Was only an adventurer,
Marrying *Marygold* for her gold.

Then *Sweet Williams* became jealous,
 And on *Marygold* did call
 And invited her at *Four-O'clock*
 To attend the grand *Snowball*.

Bachelor-Button, with a *Johnquil* in hand
 Wrote *Marygold* a note.
 And he said to her *For-get-me-Not*
 And his *Bleeding-heart* he smote.

Poppy became so angry
 With *Bachelor-Button* then
 That he ordered *Johnny-Jump-up*
 To cast him in the *Dandelion's* den.

But the *Dandelion's* would not eat him,
 Because bachelors are old and tough,
 But they beat him with a *Golden-rod*,
 Until he cried "enough."

And that is why *Bachelor-Button*
 Whose heart is staunch and true,
 Has always remained a bachelor,
 And his color is always BLUE.

BY LETTIE AUSTIN SMITH

MINE FRAU

Who like me der vorst und hate me der pest?

Mine Frau,

Who ven she is madt gif me no rest

Mine Frau.

Who says "Mr. Hans, you are von peach

To you von lesson I vill teach

Und make to me von liddle speech

Mine Frau.

Who is it call me in to tinner?

Mine Frau

Who says, "You Hans you're von pig sinner

Mine Frau.

Who gif me von unbleasant look
 Ven I say nice dings to der cook
 Und midt mine headt drow der hymn-pook,
 Mine Frau.

Who vare mine negt-tie und mine collar
 Mine Frau,

Who like from Hans to porrow von dollar
 Mine Frau.

Who vake me up at two o'clock
 Und say Hans you forgot to vind der clock
 Der cradle's awake, gif der paby a rock
 Mine Frau.

Who talk to me like a parrot polly?
 Mine Frau,

Who gif to me von liddle cholly?
 Mine Frau.

Who midt der biano blay upon it
 Sing me a lof song or a sonnet
 Den touch poor Hans for a new bonnet,
 Mine Frau.

Who vould I like to see in chail
 Mine Frau.

I pet I vould not gif some pail
 For Mine Frau.

I vould tell der sherrif to keep away
 Und in der gooler leave her sthay,
 Till I get den dousand miles away
 From Mine Frau.

HARRY E. GWYNNE

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CROSSING THE BAR

Twilight and evening star!
 And one clear call for me!
 And, may there be no moaning of the bar
 When I put out to sea.

But, such a tide as moving, seems asleep!
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the
 boundless deep,
Returns again, home.

Twilight and evening bell!
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For, though, from out this bourne,
Of time and space
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

CHANGING COLOR

Oh, every one was sorry for Ned!
"It's a perfect shame," so the people said;
"And who was Ned?" "Why, don't you know?
Ned was the deacon's daughter's beau,—
Honest and manly, hard to beat,
Five foot ten in his stocking feet.

Bess was the sweetest girl in the place,
With a soul as fair as her winsome face;
The deacon's daughter, kind and gay,
And used to having her own sweet way.
Now, two good people may agree,—
The deacon, Bess, and Ned make three.

Old Deacon Green was a "moneyed man,"
His motto was: "Get and keep if you can."
"Honest in all his dealings?" Yes,
Honest as you, or Ned, or Bess;
But charity had left his creed,
And he was stingy in thought and deed.

“Tell you no man borrows from me;
If he wants any help let him find it,” said he;
“And Bess, my girl, hear what I say,
You send that shiftless Ned away!
I have no use for the lazy dunce,
I heard that he borrowed a dollar once.

“Now when I borrow—you hear me, Bess?—
Then you may purchase your wedding—dress.
Until that time Ned Brown, you see,
Must be a minus quantity.”
And Bessie murmured soft and low:
“That’s somthing Ned would like to know.”

That night the moon and the silent stars
Saw two young heads near the meadow bars,
And heard Bess say: “I think to-morrow
Some one will really have to borrow!”
Two hearts were happier, I know,
Because the new moon told me so.

Next morn, Bess seized her shopping-bag,
Harnessed the deacon’s corpulent nag,
And drove to town; I wonder why
She chose that early hour to buy!

A small boy with a freckled face
Was standing near the market-place;
He waved his cap when he saw sweet Bess,
As fair as a flower, in her muslin dress.
“Good morning, Cousin Bob,” said she;
“You’re just the boy I want to see!

“I’ll give all you ask, and more,
If you will ride to father’s door,
And say to him, “Bess is in town,
Going to marry that Ned Brown.”
After you tell him, drive away,
No matter what he has to say.”

Imagine the deacon, if you can!
Poor Bob ne’er saw an uglier man
Than Deacon Green, that summer day

He watched his old nag trot away;
The words he used are hard to spell,
And really wouldn't do to tell.

"There is Bess in Blickingham town,
Ready to marry that scamp, Brown;
I can reach her as best I may—
Even my old nag's gone today!
The parson would lend me—I must borrow,
For Bess may not be there to-morrow."

The parson lent him his dapple gray,
And he made for the town without delay.
There stood Bess in the market place,
And near her the determined face
Of our friend Brown was plainly seen—
A sight to madden Deacon Green.

The young folks entered the old town-hall,
The scene of many a county ball,
And Bessie's father walked in too;
I wonder what he meant to do?
This much I know—the words then said
Came chiefly from the lips of Ned.

"Deacon Green, did you borrow the gray
That brought you to Blickingham town today
You did? Then Bess shall be my wife,
And here's an end to all our strife!"
Said Bess: "I knew dear father meant
To give his full and free consent."

"But," gasped the deacon, "I never said,
My daughter could marry you, Ned!"
"I heard you say," cried blue-eyed Bess,
"That I might purchase my wedding dress
When you borrowed from any one.
And now, you see, the deed is done!"

"It can't be helped; and, father dear,
Forgive us, won't you, now and here?"
The deacon frowned, but chuckled too:
That's all you've left for me to do!

You're full of business, and I guess
 Your head is pretty level, Bess;
 You took your father's nag away,
 And made him toe the mark to-day;
 And though I'm Green, ere we leave town,
 My only daughter shall be Brown!"

BY HATTIE G. CANFIELD

THE BRIGHTER OUTLOOK

When trouble mocks
 And every one talks
 'Twill be worth while
 To wear a smile.

When anger wins
 And trouble grins
 Look up to right
 And trust for light.

When all is black,
 And work is slack
 Let's smile, not frown,
 Nor kick when down.

Say we, not I,
 Let's laugh, not cry
 Look for sunshine,
 And do not whine.

So this is true,
 A smile or two.
 Helps bring good things
 Straight to you.

A smile so gay,
 Sent the right way.
 Brings flowers in life,
 And conquers strife.

BY FLORENCE A. WOLF

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY

You Wiyum, come'ere, suh, dis instunce,
Wut dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me?
Wut you say? Ain't nothin' but rocks?
Pears ter me you's owdashus p'ticler.
S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks.
Hi-yi! der you tink dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion,
You scamp; an' I knows what it growed.
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel'.
Dar by der side er do road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it.
I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger,
You wont eb'n be a grease spot.

I'll fix you Mirandy! Mirandy!
Go cut mer a hick'ry—make 'ase.
En cut me de toughes'en keenes'
You c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wiyum Joe Vetters
Ter lie en ter steal, you young sinner.
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy,
En makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now, ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur?
I is. I's ashamed youse my son?
En de holy accorgian angel
He's 'shamed er wut youse done.
En he's tuk it down up yander,
I coal-black, blood-red letters—
“One watermillion stoled
By Wiyum Josephus Vetters.”

En whut you s'posen Br'er Bascum,
You' teacher at Sunday School,
Ud say if he knowed haw youse broke
De good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?

Boy, whah's de raisin' I gib you?
 Is you boun fuh ter be a black villiun?
 I's s'prised dat a chile er you mammy
 Ud steal any man's watermillion.

En I's now gwine ter cut it right open,
 En you shian't have nary bite,
 Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—
 En dat in de day's broad light—
 Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy!
 Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
 Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion!
 Who eber heard tell er sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump
 um,
 En w'en dey go pank dey is green;
 But w'en dey go punk, now you mine me,
 Dey's ripe—en dats des'wut I mean.
 En nex' time you hook watermillions—
 You heered me, you ig-namp, you hunk,
 Ef you do' want a lickin' all over,
 Be sho' dat dey allers go "punk!"

GRANDMOTHER'S SERMON

The supper is o'er, the hearth is swept,
 And in the wood fires' glow
 The children cluster to hear a tale
 Of that time so long ago.

When grandma's hair was golden brown,
 And the warm blood came and went
 O'er the face that could scarce have been sweeter
 then,
 Than now in it's rich content.

The face is wrinkled and careworn now,
 And the golden hair is gray;

But the light that shone in the young girls' eyes
Never has gone away.

And her needles catch the firelight,
As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandma loves
Shaping the stocking toe.

And the waiting children love it, too,
For they know the stocking song
Brings many a tale to grandma's mind
Which they shall have ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time,
To grandma's heart tonight,—
Only a refrain, quaint and short,
Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
And yours is just begun
But I am knitting the toe of mine
And my work is almost done.

With merry hearts we began to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play
Some are gay-colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen-gray.

But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row to be sadly ripped
Ere the whole is fair and strong.

There are long, plain spaces, without a break,
That in life are hard to bear,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

But the saddest, happiest time is that
We look for and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done.

The children came to say good-night
 With tears in their bright young eyes
 But in grandma's lap with broken thread,
 The finished stocking lies.

BY ELLEN A. JEWETT

THANATOPSIS

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language: for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
 Go forth under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements;
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
 Yet not to thine eternal resting place
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish

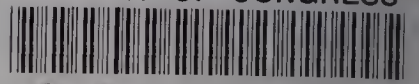
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
All, old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living; and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before shall chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
Come and make their bed with thee. As the long
Train of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves.

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
And soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach
Thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his
Couch about him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
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